

Mr. Bowser's "Mad Dog"

He Ever Meets One He Will
Do the Eminently Fit and
Proper Thing.

WILL HYPNOTIZE IT

But He Behaves Very Different When
Harmless Canine Strolls Into
His Front Yard.

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Mr. and Mrs. Bowser sat on the front steps at sundown of a hot evening, and while Bowser smoked his cigar he carelessly glanced over the evening paper. He had been reading for fifteen minutes when he suddenly exclaimed: "By George, but that man ought to be clubbed for a fool!" "What is it?" was asked. "Why, a man in St. Louis was going long the street when a cry of 'Mad dog' was raised. He looked up the street and saw the brute coming, and what did he do but run into a yard where several children were playing, and of course he escaped while they were being bitten. There ought to be a law to take hold of such cases. Ten years in prison would be too little for him."

"I suppose he was rattled by the suddenness of the thing."

"But he had no business to get rattled. If a man hasn't his nerve with



"I shall throw up my hand—so," he should keep off the street. I haven't gone outside the gate in fifteen years without being prepared for the cry of 'Mad dog' and knowing just what I would do."

"Would you climb a shade tree?" "What! Do you mean to insult me?" "I had forgotten how fat you were."

"Another insult! Mrs. Bowser, if you have lost what little sense you had when you were born you'd better hunt up an asylum."

"But it seems to me," she protested, "that most any man would climb a shade tree to get away from a mad dog."

"Probably most any man would, but Samuel Bowser is not one of the sort. I am glad this subject came up. Now, then, let us suppose a case."

"Yes."

"You read in the papers that on a certain day Pincham & Stickem are going to put on sale 5,000 pairs of women's stockings at 20 cents a pair—former price 60."

"Well?"

"You sneak out of bed in the night and steal two or three dollars out of my pocket that you may attend this sale."

"I don't do anything of the kind, Mr. Bowser! I never took as much as a penny out of your pocket, and you know it. You talk about my insulting you, but what do you call it when you charge me with being a thief?"

"I was simply making an illustration, though sums of money have disappeared from my pocket in very mysterious ways. We will discuss that part of it later on, however."

"No, we won't! We'll discuss it right here and now! Do you say I ever took money from your pockets?"

"I make no specific charge, Mrs. Bowser. I simply say that I have missed small sums from my pockets at various times. It may be that the rats took it. We will agree that the rats took it. We are now ready to take up the mad dog case again. You get money somehow and start to go down to the sale. You are bound to have at least five pairs of those stockings if you break your legs in the crush around the bargain counter. Providence steps in to prevent you from making a donkey of yourself. In other words, between this house and the corner you hear the shout of 'Mad dog!' What I want to ask you is, 'What course of action would you adopt?'"

"I can't tell."

"But you must be able to tell. You must have a course thought out and ready to be acted on."

"Well, I should scream."

"Then I should rush into the nearest house."

bles perhaps I might jump into his wagon," said Mrs. Bowser after mature thought.

"Humph!"

"Well, then, what should I do? What could I do?"

"You should and could make a heroine of yourself. It would be a grand opportunity."

"Oh, I see. Then if you ever meet a mad dog you are going to play the hero?"

"There will be no playing. I shall do a natural and perhaps a brave act, and if the public insists on calling me a hero I shall have to submit to it."

"Well, what is it?"

"On hearing that dreaded cry, Mrs. Bowser—on hearing a cry that has more than once appalled the stoutest heart—I shall come to a halt. I shall locate the animal. If he is coming my way I shall get ready for him. When he is within thirty feet of me, frothing at the mouth and ravening for my destruction, I shall throw up my hand—so. That will attract his attention in an instant. As soon as he begins wondering what he is up against I will fasten my eyes on him. He will stop dead in his tracks. If he don't shy off into the roadway and pass me he will sit down and whine."

"That is, you think he will."

"That is, I know he will. If he sits down I will slowly and gradually approach him, never for the fraction of a second allowing my eyes to wander from him. As I draw nearer he will shiver and shake. When I am within three feet of him he will howl in a lugubrious manner and fully realize that his doom is sealed. I will then take my cane in both hands, like a soldier charging bayonets, and with a mighty jab I shall reach his brain by piercing his eye. It will only remain for the reporters to interview me and for the Humane society to forward its medal and a complimentary letter."

"Mr. Bowser, if you weren't my husband—"

"Look out, now! No further insults!"

"If you heard any other man talking that way you'd call him a conceited ass."

"What! What! What!" he shouted as he jumped up. "Mrs. Bowser, I allow no living person, man or woman, to talk to me in that way. I have told you what I should do in a certain emergency. By what right do you call me names and dispute that I would do it?"

"Because nobody ever heard of a man going through all that performance with a mad dog. You might hold up forty hands and he wouldn't stop. You might look at him with ten eyes, and it would do no good. I should say the proper thing for you to do would be to crawl under a wagon or climb a tree. Shan't we go over to Brady's and get some ice cream?"

"Brady's! Ice cream!" he gasped as he flushed red and white. "You talk to me of Brady's and ice cream after insulting me fifty times over! By the seven bottled crows that gave milk to the children of Moses—"

Then his feelings overcame him, and he descended the steps and went out to the gate to wonder what he should do. He was standing there in an undecided frame of mind when a big, lubberly dog that was trotting along on the opposite side of the street espied the Bowser cat on the lower step. He was out for game, and he spotted her. He came rushing across the street, and in his impetuous haste he struck Mr. Bowser's legs and brought him down, and at the same instant a hoodlum yelled out "Mad dog!" The cat went racing around the yard, with the dog a good second, and they had both jumped over Mr. Bowser twice before he could get up. When he did reach his feet he made a rush for the house, taking the steps two for one. Mrs. Bowser sat there, but he saw her not. As soon as he could get inside he shut and locked the door and got to the second story.

The cat climbed a tree, the dog passed on, and ten minutes later the door was unlocked, and Mr. Bowser came down.

"I didn't see you raise your hand to attract his attention nor yet look him in the eye," remarked Mrs. Bowser as demurely as she could.

Mr. Bowser didn't reply. He didn't notice her. After a brief look around for other mad dogs he marched down the steps, out of the gate and up the street. He wanted her to think that he was going to the nearest saloon to fill up to the chin and then commit four or five cold blooded murders.

M. QUAD.

Poor Papa!

Begin at the bottom and work to the top.

Is first rate advice to be giving. Still it isn't the very best hint we can drop.

To the man who clare walls for a living. And though many believe that if they would excel.

They must relish the work they're pursuing. The well digger oftentimes gets a long well.

Though he's quite above what he is doing.

—Saturday Evening Post.

III. Advanced Advice.

"Begin at the bottom and work to the top."

Is first rate advice to be giving. Still it isn't the very best hint we can drop.

To the man who clare walls for a living. And though many believe that if they would excel.

They must relish the work they're pursuing. The well digger oftentimes gets a long well.

Though he's quite above what he is doing.

Some Auto Maxims For the Wise Ones

BY their toots ye shall know them. Keep thy lamps lit and so avoid litigations.

See that thy brake break not, lest thou be broken.

Thou' thine auto show the strength of twoscore horse, keep one more in thy stalls.

A trained hand is best with a train at hand.

In thy speed mock not the gentle cow—the cowcatcher may catch thee.

Wiser than his own generation is he who knows his auto.

In the morning slow thy speed, and in the evening withhold thine hand.

None are so fined as those who don't see.

An auto at speed is a fiend indeed. Let repentance be thine if thou be among them who have mistaken "goal" for "goal."

More discreet is an angel husband than an injured plaintiff, and, lo, a widow's heart may be swayed by resilient tires.

Today thou ridest in thine integrity; tomorrow may discover thee a man of parts.

Where law ends speed really begins. Haste makes "chased."

Autos with glass windows should not break bones.

It is well to know thine auto; yea, also, to know thy chauffeur better.

There's many a nip on an auto trip. Give not thine auto a name; thy neighbor will name it for thee.

A fair exchange is no garage. Why raise thine eyes to the weathercock when thou hast a nose for the passing auto?

Take care of the pennies, the garage will take care of the dollars.—Richard B. Glaesner in Outing.

His Choice.

Tired Tatters—Say, Weary, if youse had yore choice, which'd youse rudder be—hanged or 'lectrocuted?

Weary Walker—Dunno. Which'd youse?

Tired Tatters—'Lectrocuted, uv course.

Weary Walker—'Cause why?

Tired Tatters—'Cause dey let a feller die a-settin' down.—Detroit Tribune.

At His Expense.

"And so," said Borem, concluding a long winded story, "I gave him to understand that he couldn't use me. 'Time is money' I says to him and—"

"On that basis," broke in the patient man, breaking away also, "you have used up several dollars' worth of my money."—Philadelphia Press.

An Inference.

The inquisitive visitor to the studio of the famous but crochety artist propounds the query:

"What do you mix your colors with?"

"With brains, sir!" replies the painter in dignified tones.

"Ah!" comments the visitor. "So you paint miniatures!"—Judge.

At the Zoo.

Lion—That rich old guy doesn't know he's living.

Monk—No? Well, I guess his relatives know it, all right.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Road to Learning.

"Did the learned professor explain the matter on which you were in doubt?"

"Yes, but he used such unfamiliar language that I'll have to go around tomorrow and get him to explain his explanation."—Washington Star.

Direct Information.

Neighbors—I say, Sloboy, when are you going to move?

Sloboy—Why, I have no intention of moving. What put that idea into your head?

Neighbors—Your landlord.—Detroit Free Press.

Sherlock the Second.

Detective—If your statement is true, your clothesline was robbed by tramps.

Urbanite—How do you figure that out?

Detective—Didn't you say they took everything but the towels?—Chicago News.

Then He Changed His Mind.

Howell—A palmist told me yesterday that I should rule rather than obey.

Powell—Did you believe it?

Howell—Yes, until I happened to think that I had a wife.—New York Press.

The Trouble.

"He did you up, eh? You should have got in the first blow."

"I did, and that's what paralyzed me. I got right in it and couldn't get away!"—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Ample Experience.

"Has Dr. Skelpeel had much experience as a surgeon?"

"Oh, yes. He has attended a number of football games in his professional capacity."—Brooklyn Life.

Opportunity Speaks.

YES, I am Opportunity. But, say, young man, Don't wait for me

To come to you. You buckle down To win your crown And work with head And heart and hands As does the man Who understands That those who wait

Expecting some reward from fate—Or luck, to call it so—Sit always in the way back row.

And yet You must not let Me get away when I show up. The golden cup Is not for him who stands With folded hands, Expecting me To serve his inactivity.

I serve the active mind, The seeing eye, The ready hand That grasps me passing by And takes from me The good I hold For every spirit Strong and bold.

He does not wait On fate Who seizes me, For I am fortune, Luck and fate, The cornerstone Of what is great In man's accomplishment.

But I am none of these To him who does not seize. I must be caught If any good is wrought Out of the treasures I possess.

Oh, yes, I'm Opportunity! I'm great. I'm sometimes late, But do not wait For me.

Work on, Watch on, Good hands, good heart, And some day you will see Out of your effort rising Opportunity.

—Success.

His Job.



Prison Warden (to new arrival—Now you're here, my lad, you'll have to work. What's your trade?

New Arrival—Pinchin' milk cans.—Tatler.

A Foolish Purchase.

"Is it true," asked Mrs. Oldcastle, "that Mr. Tinkleton has bought a genuine Corot?"

"I hadn't heard about it," replied her hostess. "I don't see why he should want one, though, when you can get talkin' parrots so cheap."—Chicago Record-Herald.

In Bible Times.

"Anybody in family but you and your husband?"

"I have a boy 300 years old and a girl of 200."

"I'm sorry, madam, but I can't let the house to anybody having young children."—Judge.

An Immune.

"Mr. Cadsby never pays the slightest attention to flattery."

"No," answered Miss Cayenne. "It would be impossible to devise any form of flattery that would correspond to his good opinion of himself."—Washington Star.

Losing His Sympathy.

Johnny—Pa, did Job have a turkey? Papa—Well—er—possibly. I've heard the expression "as poor as Job's turkey."

Johnny—Well, I don't think he was so badly off if he had a turkey.—Brooklyn Life.

Found Out.

Rivers—What have you got that string tied around your finger for?

Brooks—By George, I'm glad you mentioned it! That's to remind me to ask you for the five I lent you a month ago.—Chicago Tribune.

Spinster's Pan.

"Are you an advocate of woman's rights?" asked the old bachelor.

"Well, not exactly," answered the spinster. "Still I don't think it right that she should be left."—Philadelphia Press.

A Tight Squeeze.

Madge—And did he break the ice last night?

Maud—Break the ice? Why, I thought at one time that he was going to break every one of my ribs!—Yonkers Statesman.

There Are Many.

Gunner—There goes a man who has taken crowds off their feet.

Guyer—Ah! A great orator, I presume.

Gunner—No; a reckless motorman.—Chicago News.

A Utility Artist.

"Has Doem any artistic ability?"

"Has he! You ought to see the salaries he draws making a bluff at work."—Baltimore American.

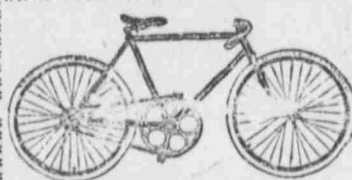
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Ella—Bella has a brilliant mind.

Stella—It must be her complexion striking in.—New York Press.

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